

# Son of Pro Wrestling Sushi <sup>#5</sup>

For next 4 issues send \$4 w/ 4 S.A.S.E.'s to P.O. Box 36189, San Jose, CA 95158

The next issue of Son of Pro Wrestling Sushi will come out just before WRESTLEMANIA IX, or right after it, when you least expect it! Please keep your funny notes, letters, and comments coming, as they're the real engines that drive this little 8-to-10 page sea urchin. I think you'll agree with me on that point, once you've read all the great contributions beginning on pg.#6 inside. To order this newsletter, send \$1 and 1-Self Addressed Stamped Envelope (or up to \$4 in cash w/4-SASE's) to the address above. Any red mark on the envelope is where Big Van Vader bladed his tongue when he dropped by to help lick the flaps shut. Thanks, Leon.

Ladies and gentlemen, Kerry Von Erich has left the building.

## 1:15 P.M.

"How much for this Pepsi, Beeshab?"

"Ho-ho, Mister Kerry. After all these years you always ask. It's still only seventy-five cents, and it's a Coke, not a Pepsi, and my name is Saheeb."

"I tend to forget. Sorry, Seeshab."

"Mister Kerry, you look terrible. You need a shave and a shower,"

"Uh, no thanks, Heebass. This Dr. Pepper will be fine. Uh, Basheeb, you remember when me and my brothers David, Ike, Crisp, and Calvin use to come into this SEVEN-ELEVEN and buy those big Slurpies?"

"Ho-ho, Mister Kerry. I remember, sure, but this store has always been a SUPER QUIK-STOP, and you boys were always sneaking off with the big tubs of popcorn, without paying, and I'd have to call the policemen who'd come with your daddy and we'd all have a big laugh over your forgetfulness. Ho-ho."

"Sashbeeb... I, uh..."

"\_\_\_Ho-ho, Mister Kerry! What's going on here?! This feels awfully funny--you coming around to this side of the counter and hugging me and kissing my cheek like this! You never do something like this before. Phew. You need some breath mints, too."

"No thanks, Habbshee. This 7-Up will fine. Well..."

"...Yes, Mister Kerry? You okay?"

"I love you, Saheeb. Take care." -- Conversation between two old friends, Dallas, TX, Thursday, 2/18/93

## 1:25 P.M.

"Wade, this is Dave. Got anything hot for next week? Besides law suits?"

"Nothing, Dave. You?"

"Well, with Watts gone, WCW has returned the blue mats to ringside..."

"Hmmm. I could do a JOURNALIST'S ROUND TABLE on that."

"I guess I could, uhhhhh, fill several READERS' PAGES with letters sent in when Watts first removed the mats."

"\_\_\_Jee, Dave. In the wake of Andre's death and the shake-up at WCW and the Watts resignation stories, our upcoming issues are going to seem pale in comparison."

"Yeah. It's either feast or famine. Well, Wade, I gotta run. I've got 7½ more pages to fill. Call me if anything hot comes down."

"Not unless you call me first!" -- Phone conversation between Minnieappleless and Campbell-by-the-Sea, Thursday, 2/18/93

## 1:30 P.M.

"Hi, pop!" (Hug, kiss.) "I've just been indicted on cocaine possession charges stemming from my January 13 arrest and I'm probably going to prison where no women will hollar when I take off my jacket and no one will sell big time when I say 'discus' and I'll most likely have to drop my drawers and bend over a lot for the drugs I need to escape reality and I need to borrow the jeep and the .44-calibre Magnum handgun so I can go off into the bush all by myself and do some serious thinking and plinking."

"Why sure, son." (Hug, kiss.) "Here's the keys. Gun's on the coffee table. Box o' bullets right there on the sofa. Have fun, boy!" -- Conversation between father and son, Dallas, TX, Thursday, 2/18/93



2:05 P.M.

(2)

Click!

Oh, crap. I forgot to load it. There.

Click!

What? Oh, crap. I put the bullets in backwards. There.

Bang!

Huh? Oh, s---! I just shot myself in the foot. I always forget. If you want to kill yourself, you point the hole-end this way, not that way. Hmmm. Why doesn't my foot hurt? Am I invincible? Oh. Wrong foot. Hmmm. Where was I. What am I doing out here? Oh, yeah. I almost forgot... -- Modern Day Warrior having conversation with himself, Dallas, TX, Thursday, 2/18/93

3:00 P.M.

"Where's daddy?"

"He's coming, sis."

"School's been out a long time. I wanna go home."

"So do I, Lace."

"Why's he so late, Hol-lee?"

"Dunno."

"I'm cold."

"Ummm."

"I'm FREEEEEEEEZING cold!"

"C'mer, Lace. Sit on the curb next to me and we'll keep each other warm."

"Okay."

"Dad'll be here soon."

"Think he'll take us to McDONALD'S for some hot choc'late?"

"Maybe."

"Hot choc'late. Yummmmm! With marshmallows! Lots of marshmallows! Daddy'll take us. I just know he will." -- Conversation between two young sisters, Dallas, TX, Thursday, 2/18/93

Not all parts, but certainly some parts of Texas in the spring can be among the most beautiful places on earth. Thanks to nature and efforts by Lady Byrd Johnson, much of the sprawling wide open landscape (that is Texas-in-the-spring) suddenly shrugs its winter's coat, warms to the touch of the sun's rays, and begins to grow a vast and delicate mantle of wildflowers that is so thick and so rich with color and radiance it's like a zillion tons of Skittles have been poured onto the oak meadows and rolling hills. In a month or so, it will be Easter. What a grand day some lucky little kids will have in a setting like that, hunting for dozens of colored hard-boiled eggs and baskets full of chocolate rabbits and foil-wrapped candies which have just been hidden by a laughing dad. One who didn't go to prison for drug possession. One who didn't shoot himself in the heart several weeks earlier. One who didn't leave them sitting alone on the curb after school.

"Well, it's now day three of the 'Kevin Von Erich Death Watch.' He's still not dead...but we're waiting." -- William Burnett, Mempho, TN, 2/20/93

"Many of his friends recalled in the past few days Kerry would come over, for seemingly no reason, hug them, say 'I love you,' and then leave. Some were confused by his actions. In hindsight, they realized he had been saying his goodbyes." -- Dave Meltzer, Wrestling Observer Newsletter, 3/1/93

Hello, everyone. Welcome to another issue of Sushi-Trek: The Next Generation. Did someone say Kerry Von Erich left behind two little girls? Jeez. Whatever it is that afflicted their father and his brothers, I hope it isn't something that gets passed down through the genes. What bothers me is that so many people seemed to know that Kerry was close to cashing in his chips but they didn't do anything to stop him. I mean, do you let a friend drive home stinken-ass drunk from a party? Where I come from you get his keys, and if he won't give them up easily, you deck his ass, and keep on decking it, until the jerk sobers up or stops insisting. If he wakes up pissed at you and stays that way, so be it. F--- him. You know it and I know it, you don't need friends like that. But the time



to walk away from them is afterwards, after you have done something (anything!), not before.

③

Same with suicide. When the funny little bells start going off in your brain (and believe me, each of us has a set of those little warning babies inside us, if we'll only listen to them) and if someone you know or care about starts with the suicide s---, you get together everyone else who knows or cares about him and you do something about it. And you do it and do it until there is nothing left to do. What would you rather live with, your conscience if your friend kills himself and you did nothing but stick your head in the sand and blocked it out? Or could you live with the fact that maybe you did save your friend's life, but you lost a friend in the process? Trust me. That ain't the way it works. Sure, in the short run they might be pissed. For a while. But after they've healed from whatever it was that was making them want to end an otherwise healthy life (we're not talking about terminal, in acute pain, cancer victims who have nothing to live for and want to go), if they are any kind of friend/human, they will be thankful.

And if not? Hey, you did the right thing. You put stupid, foolish, inadequate notions behind you and you did your best. You did what was right. The world is full of drunks, addicts, and other compulsives who have hit bottom, yelled, and puked, and bled, and screamed, but have somehow survived, have gotten past the destructive parts of themselves and have gone on to live (even at its worst) tranquil, balanced, meaningful lives. It's not easy. It never is. But thanks to real friends, many once wretched people are alive, and are going on Easter egg hunts with their excited little girls.

Kerry Von Erich loved his daughters, Holly and Lacy? They adored him? Kerry Von Erich had friends? Jesus H. Christ. What a f---ing waste. -- Jeff Mullins, Ed.



Hot Rodney Leighton is back with bi-focals, new dentures, and (Son of) The Leighton Look, a 4-10 page when-ever-he-has-the-whim-to-put-it-out review-zine richly spiced with crotch spore and warmed over cantankerisms (of which Sushi gets it's share in ish #2). Sample: \$1 to R.R.#3, Pugwash, Nova Scotia, Canada, B0K-1L0. Don't forget to use 40¢ worth of stamps on your envelope!

If you've been waiting for another nudge before checking out James Solomon's The Booking Sheet, consider this a kick in the butt to take the plunge. To say the writing is "original," or that it is for those who "like to think," are understatements. If the witty Feb.'93 ish is an indication of things to come, don't deny yourself. Rush \$1 for a sample to Route 5, Box 76, Forest City, NC 28043. (Regular sub price is \$1.50 per ish.)

I also enjoyed reading Gary Langevin's Feb'93 On the Mat, (\$2), 124 Maple St., Newport, VT 05855, which included a comeback "Cause It's Rasslin' column by former RINGSIDE REFLECTOR ace Big Bob Ivy, and photos from friend and hardcore fan (now promoter) Johnny McAdam's Universal Championship Wrestling shows which he runs twice monthly at the Elk's Lodge in Nashua, NH.

## TO FOOL OR NOT TO FOOL? THAT'S THE QUESTION!

CAMPBELL-BY-THE-SEA -- Sushi News Service, which in no way is related to Tribune ("Hey, folks, it's only") Entertainment, Geraldo ("My butt is covered by the First Amendment!") Rivera, or David ("Fantasies R-Us") Shults, has learned that law suit conscious Dave Meltzer may or may not publish his annual April Fools Week joke-issue of the Wrestling Observer Newsletter due to possible litigation. You know, like when he starts off the first issue in April by saying something like, "Because I'm going to be dedicating my life full time to body building and the Lord, and because Vince McMahon was sentenced to life in prison without possibility of parole because he pushed wrestlers with unnatural physiques, and because without Vince ('Doing a sheet just isn't fun anymore!'), this is the last and final issue of the Observer!" Stuff like that.

Of course, with Son of Soosh telling you in advance whether Dave does an April Fools issue or not, it sort of ruins the surprise and the fun of being tricked in April by the usually serious Dave. Nevertheless, it is in the spirit of Dave's own sheet, wherein he regularly divulges the endings of big matches in advance or reveals angles yet to be seen on TV thus removing the element of surprise for his readers, that we share this information with you.





**WORLD  
WRESTLING  
FEDERATION®**

TITAN TOWER  
1241 East Main Street  
Post Office Box 3857  
Stamford, CT 06902  
203 352 8600  
FAX 203 352 8699  
TELEX 643283 TITAN STM

February 18, 1993

**McMAHON WRITES TO SUSHI!**

Jeff Mullins, Editor  
Son of Pro Wrestling Sushi  
P.O. Box 36189  
San Jose, CA 95158

Dear Mr. Mullins:

We thank you very much for your letter of January 30th commending the World Wrestling Federation for its program "Headlock on Hunger". But more importantly, we are very appreciative of your generous donation to the "Headlock" campaign and your appreciation of the WWF's efforts to try and make a difference in an area of the world where starvation and deprivation is so rampant. Although our initial contribution of \$100,000 seems very large in many ways, it is only a drop in the bucket compared to what is really needed around the world and in the United States to help with a total "Headlock on Hunger".

Thank you very much for joining our effort and for encouraging your readers to participate as well.

Sincerely,

Linda E. McMahon  
Executive Vice President

P.S. We are very happy you are a "RAW" fan. Keep watching. It's going to continue to be fun.

## **JUBIE WRITES TO LINDA!**

Dear Mrs. Linda McMahon,

I am Jubie Jay. I am 9½. How old are you? My job here at Sushiland is to open letters and answer the mail. Thank you for your nice letter. But I have been a fan of WWF product far too long not to know when I am being worked! And I know that you sent a copy of our "Letter for Vince" (appearing in Son of Sushi #4) to Titan's attorney Jerry McDivitt, to see if it contains any grounds to sue us, too.

Well, guess what? If you sue us, we are all gonna plead "Innocent by reasons of insanity!" because everything we ever learned about anything, we learned from watching years and years of your husband (our "key" witness!) and WWF television wrestling shows! Case dismissed.

Jubie Jay Mullins  
Sushiland, CA

P.S. You know, if Vince really isn't getting much sleep these nights because of all the horrible things printed about him in the NEW YORK POST (and reprinted w-o-r-d for w-o-r-d in the Observer), you oughta give him a nice cup of hot Ovaltine before he goes to bed. That's what my mother Atilla the Nun gives me, especially when I am all distressed and broken after being suspended from school for doing things I see happen every Saturday morning on WWF MANIA which stars another one of my role models, Todd Pettengill.

~~Hehehehehehe~~. If by chance you win your suit against Phil Mushnick of the POST, because of what was re-printed in the Observer, does that mean you send McDoink after Dave? Ohhhhhh. I get goose bumps the size of tit just thinking about that!





## KEVIN'S KIDS

MORRISTOWN, TN -- Sushi News Service has learned that Smoky Mountain's demonic heel wrestler Kevin Sullivan, known worldwide for his vicious, brutal, sado-masochistic, bloody matches against other wrestlers (who he "spikes," slaps, humiliates, and kicks senseless) has taken a day job with the Morristown Elementary School District. (5)

Sullivan is the district's new Truancy and Corrective Measures Officer in charge of Kindergarden thru third grade students who come to school late, misbehave, or fail to do their homework.

"Mr. Sullivan is doing an outstanding job," says District Superintendent Harv Cobb. "After only one week on the job, attendance in the K-3 classes is perfect. Students now salute their teachers (even the custodians), and most of the children are actually asking teachers for extra homework. Some kids have even come to school despite having the flu and temperatures above 107 degrees!"

Cobb continued, "We don't know what Mr. Sullivan's secret is--how he has been able to achieve such success with these kids in such short time--but we are very happy with his performance and work rate."

[Ed. Note: From time to time SNS will check back with the school district to see how Kev is doing and, maybe, find out why there has also been an alarming increase in bed-wetting among five to eight year olds in Morristown.]

## IN OUR HASTE, HAVE WE PERHAPS MISJUDGED THE MAN?

[Ed. Note: Well, as nice as the letter was from Vince McMahon's wife, it was the quickly hand-scrawled "Double P.S." from Vince himself which really caught our attention. Here it is in typed form.]

P.S.S. Hi, Jeff. With all the unfair flack and criticism the WWF has received over the past year or so, from many quarters, it's nice to know we've got a few open-minded friends out there in the "mighty" pro wrestling underground. However, notwithstanding your newsletter's monitory contribution to "Headlock", when our legal department gets done with Tribune, Geraldo, Shults, Wacholz, Mushnick and THE POST, and a few others if they don't mind their P's and Q's, we are also going to sue your ass and the skinny little butt of your 9½ year old nephew Jubie Jay and the collective zip codes of all your readers for all the disgusting crap you people have laid on us over the years!

Sure, we've been getting sheets from Shushiland for quite awhile, but it wasn't until one of your underground-hardcore "brothers" (from Campbell-by-the-Sea! In the spirit of Mark Madden vs Cowboy Bill Watts! And in an effort to exchange information for amnesty for himself and his own sheet!) sent us a fax of your sheet with many of the bad parts underlined and highlighted, which really brought to our attention how nasty you Shushiland boys have been toward us.

See you in court...you Uncooked! Uncouth! Unredeeming-of-social-value bottom feeder! And that goes double for that little 9½ year old, pencil-necked, squid-kid-nephew of your's, Jubie Jay! By the time we are done with all of you, you'll all be doing hard time in the Cobb County Jail with Nailz as your roommate and Big Boss Man as your warden!!!

Vince McMahon, President  
Titan Sports, Stamford, CT

## MELTZER TO SKIP APRIL FOOLS ISSUE? DON'T BET ON IT!

CAMPBELL-BY-THE-SEA -- In order to counter Sushi News Service's revelation of what Wrestling Observer Newsletter editor Dave Meltzer may or may not do next month regarding the status of his impending April Fool's issue, SNS has learned that Dave may mention between now and then that he will "not be printing an April Fools issue this year," when in fact he will just be trying to fool readers into letting their guards down.

It is also possible Dave may begin the April Fools issue by trying to disarm readers, by saying something like, "Because so much in pro wrestling is so bizarre lately, we honestly can't come up with anything stranger than what is already going on out there, thus, we won't be doing the traditional April Fools lead-off joke story this year."

And then, thinking he has tricked everyone (like he has tricked everyone for so many years!), Dave will proceed to write something like, "The newly inducted president of Titan Sports, Linda McMahon, who is filling in for her husband Vince who was given a life plus 100 years sentence for various pro wrestling related atrocities, announced today that former Observer columnist Jeff Bowdren has been hired to co-book WWF angles with Pat Patterson..." Stuff like that.

## WRESTLEMANIA IX PREDICTIONS!

SUSHILAND, CA -- Here are the long awaited Son of Pro Wrestling Sushi predictions regarding the outcomes of key matches at WRESTLEMANIA IX in Las Vegas, NV, on 4/4.

Yokozuna defeats Bret Hart with a Moonsault off the top (and then stuffs a gasoline-soaked Canadian flag into Hart's mouth and lights a match!) Giant Gonzales defeats Undertaker when manager Harvey Whippleman, with an urn of his own, opens it and throws (left-over Andre the Giant) ashes into Undertaker's face!

Doink the Clown beats Crush when dozens of clowns, dressed like Doink, swarm the ring and beat Crush senseless with various rubber body parts! Randy Savage (replacing an "injured" Tatanka) is beaten by Shawn Michaels when Sherri Martell turns against the Macho Man (but it turns out Sherri is really a disguised "heel" Miss Elizabeth who has joined Michaels because she is upset with Savage for once again teaming up with Sherri!)

And Hulk Hogan helps Brutus Beefcake stuff I.R.S. into the heel wrestler's dreaded metal briefcase (as a favor to Bruti and) as a salute to U.S. President Bill Clinton and the WWF's joint April 15th fund raising kick-off to put a "Headlock on the National Deficit!"



6



## (VINCE! THESE PEOPLE SAID IT! I DIDN'T! SUE THEM! NOT ME!)

**YOU SAID IT!** I was surprised by your Headlock on Hunger donation. I also thought it was a good story on Ray Stevens (issue #4) about the real heel.--**Dean Sonoda**, Arlington Heights, IL [Ed. Note: Dave Meltzer called on 2/20 (Right in the middle of Saturday morning with Todd Pettengill, no less!) to say his comment in the 2/15 Observer was not a shoot on Ray Stevens regarding Ray's role in the Marty Jannetty firing from the WWF. Dave said he was pointing out the position of those wrestlers who believe that when it comes to issues with management, wrestlers should protect other wrestlers, no matter what. Bottom line, according to Dave, he says he has no problem with Ray Stevens nor with what Ray did. This is the same sentiment, I can tell you, which is shared by most veteran wrestlers, at least according to the ones I spoke with.]. . . Do you think the Giant ("El Gigante") Gonzales attacked Undertaker because Paul Bearer went to South America and stole El's dead mom's ashes? I think this is why it was repeatedly reported in the Observer that El was still attending his mother's funeral in Argentina because they couldn't locate her ashes.--**Rich Slovarp**, Washburn, ND. . . Well, it looks like it's time for Wade Keller to grab more of my money! I think I have personally paid for his last two semesters in college! Yes, once again, it's Torch Yearbook time.--**William Burnett**, Memphis, TN

THINGS I WOULD LIKE TO SEE DEPT: Brian Christopher's gum stuck in Jeff Jarrett's hair! NEW NICKNAME IF NAILZ IS TELLING THE TRUTH DEPT: Vince "Turn Your Head and Cough" McMahon.--**David Graw**, Collierville, TN. . . In 1974, Andre appeared on Kansas City TV for the first time, and announcer Bill Kersten said, "It was like shaking hands with a huge loaf a bread!" If you can think of a worse metaphor, let me know. Ah, that Bill Kersten, he was one in a million. And so was Andre.--**Robert Garrison**, Raytown, MO. . . A mark like Rob Bartlett of WWF MONDAY NIGHT RAW should supplement Sushi with either the Torch or the Observer. Further more, I get WFAN clearly, but I've never heard of Rob Bartlett either on radio or TV.--**Stephen Meyerson**, Brooklyn, NY. [Ed. note: I think Bartlett goes by the name of "Love Hammer" when he's on the air.]. . . I was all goose bumpy watching Jim Cornette back on TBS. The feeling was euphoric! I agree with Tim D'Allaird (in ish #3). The only thing more annoying than the push Eric Watts was getting was all the non-stop complaining in the newsletters about the push Eric Watts was getting.--**Wes Reamer**, Timberville, VA

When SMW came to our town on 2/5 the best match I've seen anywhere in two years was the 15 minutes of non-stop action between Cornette's Heavenly Bodies vs Rock & Roll. In a word, AWESOME! Guess who the ring announcer was? Former WCW ref Tommy Young, still one of the nicest personalities in pro wrestling. Believe me, if you lived where you could see SMW, you'd want to attend a couple cards a month, they are that good.--**Darrell Dickens**, Asheboro, NC [Ed. note: For newcomers, Darrell Dickens is a member of a secret underground society of wrestling fans who call themselves the **Dudes with Shiite Attitudes**. In order to become a member you must have had sex with pop star Madonna and know things about camels which cannot be reprinted even in a sheet like this. Other members of the "Dudes" are **Charles Hunt**, the "Wrestling Poet" who hasn't written a poem for two years due to a serious mental block, and **Todd Stutts**, who is in RIPLEY'S BELIEVE IT OR NOT for having the worst penmanship in the entire world! I asked a fourth member of this Shiite group, Bobby Yates, if he could do something to motivate Todd to print a little better when he writes to reply.]. . . Seriously, Jeff. We can't touch Todd's knees. They were run over by a car when he was young and I just couldn't bring myself to damage them again. But good hand writing is important, so what we'll do is we'll damage his sex life. This will get his attention, I'm sure.--**Bobby Yates**, Randleman, NC

Wasn't it pathetic how little tribute Vince and his cronies gave Andre's passing? I know Titan doesn't exactly have a track record of acknowledging the deaths of intergral wrestling figures, but considering Andre drew a hell of a lot of money directly to Vince, and he was one of the few recognizable mainstream wrestling personalities, Andre deserved much more. Within a month Junior'll be pushing that Argentinian armadillo Gonzales as "Wrestling's only giant." What a rat bastard Vince is.--**Matt Creamer**, Oshkosh, WI



[Ed. Note: So, Matt, let me get this straight. You think Andre deserved 12 bells instead of ten?]. . . I've got to differ with you on Rob Bartlett of WWF RAW. I'm not enjoying his style of commentary. I'm a big Joe Castellini fan. He was terrific on Global, so much so that he deserves a shot at the big time. I gave him "Best Color Commentator" in the Observer pole--really, I was not a Dave Webb or Doyle King fan. Speaking of which, now I guess we're deprived of the long awaited "David Webb gets his money back" episode. What a moving event that would have been.--**Greg Petrosino**, Bel Air, MD ⑦

One complaint: my very first issue of Pro Wrestling Sushi, way back when, was the "infamous" Ed Leslie/cunnilingus story which graphically detailed how Brutus Beefcake "really" injured his face. I've been waiting ever since for more cunnilingus-in-wrestling stories. Give me a break. Even something on Missy's tits would do.--**Jeff Levin**, Virginia Beach, VA [Ed. note: Hmmmmmm. Ahhhhhh. Let's seeeeeeee. Okay. Because of all the law suits flying around lately, I don't have any oral sex-in-wrestling stories right now, but how's this? The reason Johnny B. Badd and Eric "Top Gun" Bischoff were always laughing and grinning ear-to-ear, like they had just heard a private joke (whenever the camera switched back to Missy Hyatt and them during WCW's SUPERBRAWL III pay per view) was because during the matches, when the cameras were pointed elsewhere, Missy repeatedly pulled down the front of her braless, low-cut, red dress and showed them how she could make her pecs dance and jump like Lex Luger when he's doing the Narsissist bit. Check it out!]. . . Before the big shake-up at WCW, I understand they threw Eric Watts in jail--for impersonating a wrestler. I understand they threw his father in jail, too, for impersonating a promoter. I also just discovered that the Eric Watts Seven-Eleven parking lot tape is a sham. The "All American" Watts would never drive the foreign car pictured in the video!--**David Jacobson**, San Diego, CA. . . Under penalty of death, or an Eric Watts vs. Vinnie Vegas Broadway, this is my solemn vow never again to be late sending my money and SASE's for Son of Soosh.--**Barry Rose**, Hallendale, FL [Barry, guess what? Yo, Vinnie, warm up that Broadway!]. . . My Sushi arrived on Groundhogs Day. Can't believe the post office didn't take the day off... If Sushi is a toilet humor sheet, should I read it on the toilet? And if I run out of toilet paper, should I? Nah... Rob Bartlett sounds like a cool dude to me... If the company that creates toy dolls was told to make an action figure of Vince, would it be better cut than the Hulk doll? Well, I must be going. I want to catch the Groundhogs Day parade and festivities on the tube.--**Richard Stafford**, Jacksonville, FL

I'm still kind of bummed about Andre. The big guy was a really big part of my childhood. Still, you never fail to make my sides ache. By the way, am I the only one who has a hell of a time folding those SASE's the right way?--**Jeff Ng**, San Leandro, CA [Ed. Note: Like the guy at the end of the sci-fi movie says when he looks up at the stars, you are not alone, Ngster. You are not alone. Practice makes perfect, however!]. . . What a great day I've had! I got my taxes done. Sushi arrived in the mail. I saw the return of Broken Face on WWF MONDAY NIGHT RAW, and Rob Whatshisname is really fairly funny! Life is good.--**Bill Levine**, Oakland, CA. . . Four bucks & 4 SASE's??? No way! You'll probably run off with them to Argentina with Missy Hyatt. Here's \$1 and one SASE. At least it keeps you off the streets!--**Bob Mangano**, Novato, CA. . . You do realize, of course, you're already publishing more frequently than you did with the original Sushi!--**Robert Garrison**, Raytown, MO [Ed. Note: Gulp. Guilty as charged. For the moment anyway.]

Since Ron Lemieux can't get out much anymore, I'm volunteering to take his place. No, Jeff Bowdren can take over his newsletter, I'm gonna take over the strip clubs! Of course, I'll always wear my Arena Report cap.--**Wade Ratliff**, Blanchard, OK. . . Giant Gonzales reminds me of the Werewolf from The Three Stooges movie where Curly unlocks him from the trunk in the hotel... A White Castle of Fear match to me is trying to find an open bathroom at 4:00 a.m. after a six-pack of Old-Style, twenty-five Sliders, and seven miles between my house the true "White Castle of Fear," not some video production stage in Atlanta... Now, with the passing of Kerry Von Erich, that "Ring in the Sky" really is getting crowded and it's looking like the real Superbrawl is gonna be held upstairs... Did you catch Prof. Tanaka on the Tonight Show? Bringing him out as a Sumo wrestler would be like putting Typhoon in an ICOPRO commercial. P.S. Trust me, if the Son of Sushi and the Observer arrive on the same day, I open the envelope before I pull the staple!--**Don** ("Women Keep Confusing Me For David Crockett Now That He Shaved His Beard") **Betke**, Evanston, IL [Ed. Note: Reading Sushi first and Meltzer last? Isn't that what Road



⑧ Warrior Hawk was always trying to caution us all about, regarding the downside of snacking on danger and dining on death, as it relates to the risks involved in eating dessert before dinner?!

John Lanigan called to congratulate me on the bogus Observer that's been going around. I assure you, although funny, I did not publish it!--**Jeff Cohen**, editor, Fantasy Federation, Great Neck, NY [Ed. Note: I Can't Believe It's Not The Wrestling Observer Newsletter is a 10-page parody distributed anonymously from a Brooklyn, New York zip code. Despite the fact that it is very funny, very acerbic, and in parts also downright nasty and mean, mostly to Wade Keller, and, notwithstanding the fact that it was mailed from the city of my birth, I had nothing to do with it either, and I sleep nights with a clear conscience.]. . . Forget about Michael Jackson. Madonna bought Andre's head!-- "Disgusting" **Dick Freeman**, Limestone, OH. . . I enjoyed your letters to and from Rob Bartlett in Issue #3.--**Dave Harper**, Rochester, NY. . . Thank Gotch for the return of Sushi!--**Bill Kunkel**, Las Vegas, NV [Ed. Note: When none other than Ole Anderson popped up on that CNN report the week of 2/22, the one about balding men and heart attacks (and he said something that was about as profound as if he had remembered something from an old Thunderbolt Patterson interview), am I the only one who thought about Bill "Potshot" Kunkel's "Grumpy Old Man" cartoons which appeared frequently in the Torch and Sushi when Ole was first booking WCW? Am wondering when the "Son of Grumpy" will return?]

I showed Stu Hart the latest issue of Sushi, and you now have a personal invitation to his "dungeon!" Re' Andre, my dad and I drove him to the airport after his matches in Miami Beach in '78. He was a real nice guy. By the way, I'm looking for any old programs from the Florida circuit.--**Barry Rose**, 200 Leslie Dr., #717, Hallandale, FL 33009. . . WCW's next booking committee meeting will be held in the Omni so that everyone can get a seat... Two editors who quit--Mullins & Lemieux--are putting out great stuff in semi-retirement... WCW now has more divisions than the U.S. Army... It's been a rough Winter with both Lemieuxs--Ron & Mario--going down. I know which one I miss more, since I didn't draft Mario in Rotisserie Hockey.--**Stephen Meyerson**, Brooklyn, NY. . . I wish to meet and hold for an eternity a certain Torch-tress from Anchorage, Alaska, named Carlie Gill. Something about this lady has started my heart beating again, something that hasn't occurred in about two years. I hope to meet this lovely lady before the end of the year. If not, I'll just keep hoping and praying that it will happen eventually.--**Todd Stutts**, Robbins, NC [Ed. Note: Hold her for an eternity?! Your heart hasn't beaten for two years?! Todd, you're not in one of your kinky, serial-kidnapper, zombie moods again, are you?]

Hey, Jubie Jay: I say you and I have a Marty Jannetty, Max Moon, and Nasty Boys WWF Fantasy Weekend one of these days. I'll get drunk, we'll both date Tatanka's wife, and you can take a dump in Jerry Lawler's gym bag!--**Wade Ratliff**. . . Only 109 days 'til JURASSIC PARK: The Movie!--**Jim Thompson**, Detroit, MI. . . Tired of disciplining the Giant Gonzales, who is 8-foot and growing one inch per month, and who showed up uninvited at the ROYAL RUMBLE and again during a Battle Royal on MONDAY NIGHT RAW, moronic WWF President Jack Tunney has given up trying to discipline Gonzales and has told him to interfere whenever he pleases. Tunney also called Mr. Perfect into his office and ordered him not to be hit by Lex Luger's 6-by-3 foot mirror when the two battle at WRESTLEMANIA. According to Tunney, it is against WWF rules to be hit with mirrors that are more than four feet tall.--**M.L. Curly**, DETROIT NEWS

If I ingest ICOPRO am I engaging in the act of COPROPHAGIA?--**Dr. Richard Siegel**, Hewlett, NY [Ed. Note: For those of you with weak stomachs, you may not want to look up the definition of "coprophagia" in your dictionary. But for those of you who snack on danger (or read Sushi first!) you'll be pleased to learn that "coprophagia" stands for "feeding on dung," which is what those big beetles and larva do by the billions when they live in piles of guano found on the floors of caves below millions of bats which sleep and crap during the day. Yuuuck!!!]

I am truly sorry if Jubie Jay's mother, Atilla the Nun, was offended by the picture on my company's business envelope. The photo certainly isn't intended to offend anyone. I printed the photo on the envelope because I merely wanted to give equal time to a part of wrestling that doesn't get as much exposure as the male grapplers, (which I'm not



interested in seeing exposed anyway) to perpetuate the beauty of gorgeous lady wrestlers engaged in sweaty grueling physical combat, wearing tight fitting revealing costumes rolling around together, uh, it is getting warm or is it just me? So, please, pass on my apologies to Attila, and I hope the blank envelope I used to mail this letter is less offensive. Also, I hope Attila has never seen a live Ric Flair match. When he does his plumber imitation, she might really get upset, unless she is into astronomy and enjoys watching the full moon!--David Leehey (VWA), Richmond, VA. . . I like the way Son of Sushi is going, but take it easy on Mr. Meltzer. It sounds like you have a personal vendetta against him and it comes off very unprofessional. But then maybe I don't know the whole story.--Ryan Jones, St. Paul, MN [Ed. Note: Hmmm. Maybe I should write that book.] 9

Meltzer's a public figure. Like anyone in the public eye, he's up for jokes or ridicule. I'd like to send a letter of sympathy to Kerry Von Erich's mother. Do you know of an appropriate verse from the Bible I could use?--Klon, Melbourne, FL [Hi, Klon. Reverend Riki-Jack Hammeroyd here, Sushiland's resident theologian. Well, son, I think the Book of Job says it best. "If a wrestler, whose gimmick is that of a Nazi, asks for your hand in matrimony, turn a deaf ear and walk the other way." Hmmm. Might be a little late for that. How's this? Its not from the Good Book but I think it will serve Kerry's mother well. "If, when the little girls grow up and the old fart starts muttering something about forming a tag team called the 'Von Erichs' or the 'Von Erich Sisters,' take him out behind the barn and shoot him."]. . . Sorry for the "non-adherence" to your

SASE-folding rules, but Bill Watts and Dusty Rhodes told me if I folded them like this, my Sushisheets would come faster! Also, I laughed my ass off at the recent Meltzer "Clown" lampoon. You need to keep ribbing Meltzer in Sushi. For a guy who makes six-figures a year off the sheet business, he does not get enough of this kind of s--- tossed his way. Jimmy Berkely, Kissimmee, FL [Ed. Note: Jimmy, if your Observers start coming late, let my brother Riki-Jack Hammeroyd know. He's in charge of investigating this phenomena. Re' SASE's, we've heard stories from some readers, about what happens to them if they don't fold the SASE's according to the precise "two-folds" instructions. Don't have time for details, but just ask Joey Butafuco what happened to him and his marriage when he sent improperly folded SASE's to Sushiland. I mean, if you want someone like Amy Fischer to show up at your door someday, seduce you, drive you wild, make you beg, it's your problem, pal, not ours!]



## JUBIE JAY: SEVEN TIMES INTERCONTINENTAL AFTER-SCHOOL DETENTION CHAMP!

Dear Parents or Guardians of Jubie Jay Mullins,

As Principal of Lucretia Mott Elementary School, I must inform you that your wrestling obsessed child is being suspended from school once again for behavior unbecoming a normal human being.

Pray tell. When little Jubie Jay was in the womb, did his mother drink a lot of Gatorade laced with, oh, crack-cocaine or street quality angle dust? Or, possibly, when Jubie was conceived, was his father an escapee from an institution for terminally insane circus clowns? Or was Jubie a product of artificial insemination...and the test tube containing baboon sperm got mixed up with the one containing what ever Jubie was supposed to be?

Or is it possible someone in your household on Sushiland Drive watched a lot of professional wrestling on TV when Jubie was just a newborn, when his cultural assimilation period required that he be exposed to bedtime stories with moral messages, instead of hours upon hours of, oh, WWF MONDAY NIGHT RAW wrestling shows featuring such role models as Macho Man Savage, Vince McMahon, Rob Bartlett, and a giant furball named Gonzales?

One just wonders where little Jubie learned to do life. For instance, when most 9½ year olds enter a classroom, they walk in quietly, say a polite hello to their fourth grade teacher, converse in tiny whispers with a nearby classmate, and then, when the tardy bell rings, they quickly take their seats, fold their hands on top of their carefully accomplished homework papers, and, with bright eyes and cherubic smiles on their faces,



they await the words and golden messages from their teachers.

(10) Does our little Jubie Jay come to class this way?

Oh, no! Several minutes after the tardy bell has rung and the lessons have begun, Jubie comes roaring into class pretending to be a sports entertainment announcer shouting over a microphone, "And in this row, weighing 54-pounds, the Seven Time Intercontinental After-School Detention Champion of the World, in a no homework done, no rules for me, 50-minute time limit period, its Jubster Jay Mullins!"

If this isn't enough, Jubie then struts around the room, jabbing the air with a large wooden 2x4, and leading the class in a chant: "USA! USA! USA!" This done, he then has little Sissy Hyatt help him off with this ratty, smelly bathrobe (that he insists was worn by someone named Ric Flair when he fought someone name Terry Funk in an 'I Quit' match!) Then he gives everyone a big smile, his hands on his hips, and if anyone complains, he tilts his head back, flairs his nostrils, and fires snot at them!

Dear, dear people. A child who has been raised on Sesame Street and Mister Rogers' Neighborhood does not, I repeat, does not 1) wear flame colored tights to school, 2) enter his classroom carrying a boom box that plays entrance music, 3) rip his T-shirt off, 4) wipe sweat from his armpits and flick it at the pencil monitor, 5) climb atop his desk, and 6) launch mucus missiles at his teacher when she tries to calm him down!

Nor, when the teacher asks the class if anyone has important world news to share, does a normal fourth grader at Mott shout out, "Eric Watts did a job for Barry Horowitz!" Or "Eddie Gilbert lost a bucket of blood during an exploding barbwire-wrapped coal miner's glove on a pole match against Cactus Jack!" Or "Sixty people in Japan were killed during a ticket stampede when the Egg Dome in Tokyo sold out in 10 minutes for the long awaited Maeda vs. Choshu revenge-shoot-kick match!" Soon to be suspending Jubie Jay from school for life, I am...

Mz. Ida Fartzapon  
Principal

## PIES, CLOWNS... AND THE BUTT-WAXING-MEMO!

Squared Circled Squid: Rob Bartlett was hilarious as Elvis on the 3/1 MONDAY NIGHT RAW. (Or was Honky Tonk Man making a comeback?) Pies, clowns, dead singers, the "beef" case! God, but life is good. It's too bad Kerry Von Erich couldn't have hung in long enough to find that out. Despite Kerry's shortcomings, down deep, I always rooted for the guy. Meltzer's equating Kerry to Peter Pan about says it all. By the way, Mark Nulty's personal recollections of Kerry in Pro Wrestling Torch was the perfect eulogy. That Wade Keller keeps coming up with fresh talent, unique material, and different ways to look at pro graps is just one of the reasons why I continue to read his sheet and look forward to his yearbooks and annuals, especially the new yearbook promising the lengthy Funker interview. Now, if only Wade and Dave could become a bit more competitive. Not like Lance LeVine and your's truly (I wouldn't wish that on anyone!), but, well, have any of you phoned the Torchline lately and while listening to Wade's recorded message, have you suddenly found yourself thinking you had mistakenly dialed up Meltzer? C'mon, Wade, don't change the recording 'til everyone's had a chance to check it out! We are talking joined at the hip here, ladies and gentleman. (Or is Dave beginning to sound more and more like Wade?). . . Did Mark "The Hit Man" Madden overstep the bounds of journalistic prudence-integrity-&-purity when he faxed that hot little butt-waxing-memo to Hank Aaron, which eventually caused the Cowboy's nuts to rise to his throat faster than an Aaron line drive out of the park? Who cares? The Four Horsemen (of the apologia): Racism, Insensitivity, Poor Morale, and the Push for Watts, Jr. were all delt a mighty blow with one swing. It's all in the wrists, eh Mark? . . . Afterthoughts on WCW's SUPERBRAWL III: Best rendition of National Anthem ever. (Hey, Ron Lemieux, how does it feel being the only guy in the entire world who gave SUPERBRAWL a "thumbs down" in the Observer's poll? And only last issue I was calling you a "suck-up!") Brian Pillman will be in the Hall of Fame some day, up there with Stevens, Thesz, other legit legends. Missy is fun to look at, but keep her away from Flair. Her skit when the limo drove up killed it on TV. Some "heat" is needed between Benoit and Too Cold. Uh, wait a minute, Ole. Not that kind of heat! Cactus vs Orndorf? Proof a good snow shovel can beat a folding chair any where, any time. . . (Please excuse this editor if anything funny you may have sent for print did not get in this issue. There are a number of lousy, inexcusable reasons why this may happen, none of them being personal. If concerned, please drop me a note. Well...) Welcome back, Hulk! Jubie Jay believes in you. See ya, Sushigangsters!--Jeff

---

## LATE BREAKING NEWS

---

CAMPBELL-BY-THE-SEA, CA -- Congratulations to Dave Meltzer on his realization of a long held dream, the opening of a small museum in this city dedicated to pro wrestling.

Although far from complete, Dave Meltzer's PRO WRESTLING HALL OF FAME opened its doors this week for several members of the international press and mostly Japanese tourists, who were about the only ones who knew about the event, since none of the mainstream media in the U.S. have been following or reporting on the shrine's development.

Highlight of opening day festivities was the unveiling of a small, brightly lighted glass case containing ring apparel worn by Lou Thesz when he won the NWA heavyweight strap for the first time. More details and exclusive updates about this remarkable facility (and its ambitious plans for the future!) will be forthcoming in this newsletter which Meltzer has designated as the official HALL OF FAME information sheet since, for some reason, Dave will not be mentioning his HALL OF FAME in his own sheet.

Another big moment during opening day was when Dave called Andre the Giant's ranch in Ellerbe, NC, and shouted into the phone, "Okay, Frenchy, ship the casket!" Aside from the Thesz artifacts, the second most visited attraction was the wall display labeled "Von Erich Family Gun Collection." The museum is open daily, but not before 9:00 a.m.

---